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A
P O E M

INSCRIBED

To the Right Honourable

The Lord TULLAMORE

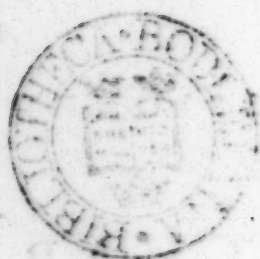
OCCASIONED

By the late CHARITY.



D U B L I N :

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex*.



DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE TAYLOR, in Dublin.

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Right Honourable the Lord TULLAMORE

HILE Thousands, crowding with
grateful Strife,
Bless the kind Hand that feeds
Hopes of Life ;
And feel, beneath your charitable Care,
Less fierce the Rigour of th' injurious Year ;
No Wonder if the Muse new Warmth inspire
And kindles up afresh the Poet's Fires !
To Poets ever was this Charge assign'd,
To watch the rising Beauties of the Mind ;
To snatch true Merit into Light ; and raise
A gen'rous Envy by an honest Praise.
Praise is a Debt to Virtue :——and to You
The Muse but pays, what all proclaim Your D

some far distant Age, or foreign Scene,
 d Story tell, or Fancy seem to feign
 princely Youth, with ev'ry Worth endu'd;
 for Mankind; and form'd for doing Good;
 does the Reader's Heart with Ardour glow!
 what an honest Warmth his Spirits flow!
 does he with the glorious Name his own!
 envy more his Virtue, than his Throne!

dead, or absent, thus his Actions fire,
 ev'n his Picture teaches to admire,
 those we view'd him here! survey'd his Form!
 his good Works! and witness'd ev'ry Charm!
 wou'd our Raptures rise! this Light Divine
 wou'd it strike, when we beheld it shine!
 we not speak, my Lord? and, when the Day
 rs on our Heads, not bless the enliv'ning Ray?
 must we search it in some other Sphere,
 use You only won't believe, 'tis here?

My Lord, in spite of all your modest Arts,
 ple will speak the Secret of their Hearts;
 ll own (when Winter had benumb'd the Land,
 Famine threaten'd each industrious Hand;
 en Cold had stiffen'd each laborious Nerve;
 Trade stood trembling, lest her Sons shou'd
 starve;)

'Twas

'Twas You, that first with more extensive Aim
 Form'd for the Gen'ral Poor your pious Scheme;
 Bounteous your self; still prone to cherish Worth;
 You call'd the Charity of Thousands forth;
 And, unrestrain'd by Place; sent Pity round
 To succour Misery, wherever found.

WITH joyful Haste, to ev'ry Virtue dear,
 MOUNT JOY, the Friend, and Partner of your Care
 Sprung to your Heart; and snatching thence a Beam
 Of Fire celestial, burn'd with equal Flame.

THEN wak'd the social Soul: and o'er the Plain
 Fair Charity led forth her heav'nly Train:
 The Eye, to search out Woe; the Tongue to plead
 The Heart, to succour; and the Hand, to aid.
 Religion smil'd; soft Pity dropp'd a Tear;
 Wealth clapp'd his Wings; and Prudence clos'd the
 Rear:

Thaw'd by their Charms, pale Frost unbound the
 Land;
 And Poverty withdrew his savage Hand.

INDULGENT Heav'n! with what a tender Care
 Still dost Thou smite! and ev'n in Judgment spare
 Urg'd by our Crimes thy Arm was lifted high:
 Yet then, when Vengeance seem'd in Act to fly,

When

Thou hast already the red Bolt was hurl'd,
 by Merry stepp'd between, and sav'd our World;
 rais'd up the Sons of Virtue; bade them plead
 the Cause of Sinners;—and thy Wrath was stay'd!

AND You, my Lord, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace
 that best can further You in Virtue's Race;
 will keep your former Deeds before your Eyes;
 still, Step by Step, to full Perfection rise.

Your shining Parts, your Worth already known,
 the World will ever challenge as their own,
 and think, where Virtue has appear'd so bright,
 the publick Blessing is a publick Right.

Virtue, like Gratitude, must ne'er give o'er,
 the full, the more it gives, it owes the more.

F I N I S.



